

Greetings!

We had a garage fire a couple weeks ago. Not just a few rags smoldering in the corner but a roaring, leaping- flames, call-911-fast fire that consumed our unattached garage whole.

Our garage sits twenty feet from our house, with no windows directly overlooking it, so I would never have seen the fire (until probably it had started chewing up our house) if my ten-year-old Peter hadn't seen an orange glow off the backyard trees. Curious, he said, "What's that?" then proceeded to investigate by cracking open the utility entrance door. I stood in the next room cooking dinner, and couldn't see him, but heard a deep and profound: "Wooooow." Peter then closed the door and ambled back into the kitchen.

Intrigued by his words, I said, "What's Wow?"

Calmly, he returned to the door, and while I peeked around the corner, he cracked it open. Flames engulfed the garage, leaping at me, roaring, the fire wild in its ferocity. It swept the breath clear out of my chest and I didn't stop for a "Wow" but dove for the telephone. The next fifteen minutes (before the Fire Department arrived) became a blur of activity as my neighbors and I fought the fire and saved our house.

Four hours later as our family gathered to praise the Lord for safety, I asked Peter why, when he'd seen the fire, he'd simply closed the door.

"I was so overwhelmed by emotions I decided to just, uh, close the door."

Wow. I can relate to that reaction. From cleaning the house to dieting to writing projects to big things like the spiritual health of my family, sometimes I just feel like closing the door. The emotions are simply too overwhelming.

Contest!



Forward this e-mail to three of your friends who you think might enjoy receiving Rejoice Oh My Soul and ask them to sign up for my newsletter. They can do this by going to my website....

www.susanmaywarren.com. Copy me on that email and you'll be automatically entered to win one of 4 autographed copies of Waiting for Dawn, the PREQUEL to my new book from Tyndale House: Flee the Night. Its a spiral bound novella printed from the site, but there are only four copies in existence...!

Discover the backstory of Lacey Galloway, and the rogue John Montgomery as they sneak into Kurd-occupied Iraq to save Jim Micah. The contest runs through May 31, 2005. Winners will be contacted by email and announced on my website on June 1, 2005. Thank you so much for your support!

[Read WAITING FOR DAWN online](#)

"My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor 12:9. The Lord says this to Paul when Paul faces his own personal inferno. And it's this verse that I grab when I face my garage-fire moments. If I close the door, I steal from God the opportunity to put out the flames and for me to be amazed at His power and grace.

I pray today, that you would hear God's calm voice in the midst of your "garage-fire moments" and experience His grace to face and fight the flames that want to consume you.

[PS: Here's a pix of the garage - post fire!](#)

in this issue

- Contest!
- What's News?
- Hot off the presses! Book 3 of the award-winning Heirs of Anton series: Marina
- Be a FaithChick!
- Thank you for reading!

What's News?



Flee the Night -- Book 1 in my new Search and Rescue series hits the shelves this month!

EX-CIA agent Lacey Montgomery is a liar, a murderer and a fugitive...or is she? When her daughter goes missing, she contacts the one man she believes she can trust -- a man who has vowed to put her behind bars. Now Lacey must prove to Green Beret Jim Micah that she's innocent and rescue her daughter. As Micah is drawn further into Lacey's world of aliases, covert ops and espionage, he must face his own painful past. Only by trusting God and daring to trust each other can Lacey and Micah flee the secrets of the night.

"Flee the Night is a fast-paced, enjoyable thriller..." Dee Henderson

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Hot off the presses! Book 3 of the award-winning Heirs of Anton series: Marina



"Sixty years ago I met a man with whom I fell in love. He helped save our Motherland, but together we committed a terrible crime. His name was Edward. And he called me by a Hebrew name that means strength." Kat caught her breath, seeing the truth, the hope, the joy resonating in the woman's expression as she smiled and said, "He called me- "Magda." From

Ekaterina, book one of the award-winning Heirs of Anton series

Finally, Magda's story. A tale of love, sacrifice, triumph and honor in the darkest of days.

Excerpt~ Unwinding the fuse wire, Edward shimmied down the bridge girder and tacked the wire with non-explosive putty down to the span. Sweat dripped in rivulets down his cheek and saturated his shirt. He shot a look downriver, where he hoped Magda had him in his sights. He saw nothing of her, which only pumped up his respect. He smiled in her direction, hoping she caught the expression of success.

In the distance the rattle of machine guns and explosions died to a smattering. Nakedness crept over him. Leaning over the side, he ran the wire along the end, tacking it every ten feet toward the abutment. The air had become strangely still, except for the lone, piercing cry of a hawk soaring through the riverbed. He worked quickly, precisely, feeling victory in the palms of his hands. Once the wire was laid, he'd simply camp out until the first train passed. Then, methodically, he'd dump the train, along with bridge, into the rapids below. *Score one for the Allies.*

He wiped his sweaty palm on his pants. His heartbeat thundered in his chest as he fed out enough wire to allow him to leap over to the cliff.

A blow between his shoulder blades sent him to his knees. His head fogged, but he tucked, and rolled and felt another blow skim his ear. "Haltestelle!"

Edward turned, and beyond the blur of green, he made out the definite outline of the business end of an Emma submachine gun swiveling toward his face. *Magda, where are you?*

[Read more...](#)

Be a FaithChick!

I've been sucked into the world of... Blogging! Not only that..but ChickBlogs, excerpts into the real world of faith, fashion and fun. Anticipating my first ChickLit -- Everything's Coming up Josey, with Steeple Hill Cafe in 2006, I'm part of the FaithChick bloggers. Stop by on Wednesdays for my Chickblog...a little scribble about life and faith. Here's a little taste to get you started...

Hallelujahs on a Harley by Susan May Warren..... **Here's a secret.** I don't have a great voice. In fact, it's the kind that should probably have a 'shower stall only' permit. (And that would be in a private stall). I have to admit, with steam rising around me, the fall of water to keep rhythm, I sound good to my own ears. But I'm no American Idol (or, my preference, Nashville Star). The only time I feel free to let my vocals out to dance is during Sunday worship.

[Read More...](#)

Thank you for reading!



I'm so blessed by all the mail I've received over the past few months. I had a horrible computer crash the first week of December and lost nearly everything. It's taken me three painful months to recreate all my files and website -- Speaking of which, stop by and have a gander at my new site! My sweet hubby spent many a Saturday afternoon putting it together...it even features an updated Bio page! Thank you for taking the time to read my books -- I take that privilege very seriously. May the Lord bless you as you look forward to spring!

[Forward email](#)

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